



# PEPPERELL SHEET



*Published by and for the*

*Employees of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company*

VOL. VI

MAY-JUNE, 1931

NO. 1-2



MR. AND MRS. RALPH LEDOUX OF FALL RIVER







Jennette and Alma Capara were bridesmaids at their sister's wedding.

#### He Didn't Know It Was Ford

Henry Ford, a very early riser, started out in one of his new cars one morning, to inspect an old-type dwelling far out in the country, which he was told would make an attractive addition to his old-fashioned village, or museum. Eying a sturdy young man of the working-class type standing at a yard corner, apparently waiting for someone to give him a lift, Ford stopped and spoke to him. He learned that the young man was from the South, where he had worked extremely hard, and had come North in the hope of doing better. He had found a job at a paper mill, but, being unacquainted with



This is Gerald Lehou at the age of 7 years. Gerald is now a big boy who works in 30-2 spinning.



A fine group picture of the Pepperell folks, who enjoyed the Soaga River trip on Sunday, June 24.

the roads, had mislaid his box and was afraid he would be dropped.

Questioning him, Ford discovered that the youth didn't think much of the industriousness of the average worker he had encountered and that he felt hopeful that by doing all he could each day, he would by and by earn a good job. Impressed by the youth's earnestness, clean-cutness, and his outlook on life, Ford asked him to jump in and, although it took him twenty miles out of his way, drove him to the paper plant.

Before parting, Ford wrote a note on a slip of paper and handed it over, with the remark, "If you don't get your job, take this slip to this man at Dearborn and I think he will be able to give you a job." Before Ford had returned to Dearborn, the youth had shown up and duly thanked his man.

"Who gave you this?" asked the Ford executive to whom it was addressed.

"I don't know," replied the applicant. "He spoke to me out in the country this morning and gave me a lift. He was a thin man, maybe a little over forty."

The executive recognized Mr. Ford's handwriting. Getting in touch with his chief, the executive was told, "Say that the young man is given a good job. I think he is made of the right stuff. I want to give him a chance and I mean to keep my eye on him."

Then the identity of his benefactor was revealed to the astonished youth.

—Forbes Magazine.

#### Keep Your Chin Up

If life has taught me anything at all, it is that the world doesn't give a hoot about your troubles. Tears are things one must indulge in—when one must indulge at all—in private. The poetess who wrote the lines that ran something like this: "The sound of a sigh doesn't carry well, but the lift of a laugh rings far," knew her business. If you carry your sorrows on your sleeve, people won't like the way you dress. Carry them in your heart if you must carry them; but a better plan is not to log them around at all. It's the courageous, hopeful attitude toward life that wins. The thing to do when one is confronted with what appears to be insurmountable troubles is to put the future out of your mind for a while and think back to the times when you were similarly distressed. You're still here, aren't you, and the obstacles of the past have been re-

moved. The future will soon be the past—your present outlook is something which is momentary—nothing can defeat a man but his own imagination. It will all come out in the wash just as it always has before.

#### MY MOTHER

My heart is ever turning back  
To my boyhood home, not far away.  
Where in my early youth,  
My Mother taught me first to pray.  
I often feel the tender clasp  
Of her, who's not long been laid away.  
And hear the whisper of those saluted lips  
That taught me first to pray.  
I sometimes dream she kneels  
With me at close of day,  
As in my early youth, when first  
She taught me how to pray.  
I know her spirit's o'er me hovers,  
To guide me night and day.  
And often I am led to think  
Heaven's not so far away.  
Those loving hands are missing now  
That wiped my tears away.  
Yet often now I feel the touch of her  
Who has not long been laid away.  
I know her prayers were always heard,  
They could not go astray;  
Lord, bless those angel Mothers,  
Who taught us first to pray.

Prospective Purchaser: "What have you in the shape of automobile tires?"

Ethel: "Famous weather, life preservers and doughnuts."

Ethel: "Say, Phil, what is an iceberg?"

Phil: "Why, it's sort of a permanent wave."



The smiling young man, whose head is turned facing the camera is none other than Jerome Sabourin of the Buick Shop. Soaga River trip.





A good photograph of the Hotel Naples, at Naples, Maine. Picture taken by A. E. Guerin.

## HEARD ABOUT THE PLANT

### OFFICE NOTES

Vacation days are here again, so Miss Emma Kearney went to New York for a couple of weeks of rest. Emma says that people may think it's funny for anybody to go down to New York for a rest, they say it's so noisy. Well, where I went it was so quiet that you could hear the ants walking in daytime, and at nighttime you could hear what your neighbor was thinking.

A reward has been offered to anybody that can get a ride in Miss Cecilia Hartley's machine. By that we don't mean that she's stinky or anything like that, oh, no, but—try and get one.

Present: We found the reason how the Richard Haddock Tannery Co. had made a million dollar profit last year.



This is George Randall who has charge of making up the payroll at Pepperell. While walking along the street he met a camera and it focused him up. It looks as though George was smoking a pipe, but he isn't. It's the chimney of the Millfield Foundry.

Eclyt Baker has been using that powder for a year. (And how!)

Lucie has bought a new suit and it's a peach. It is very much surprised if Lucie is still single at the end of the Beach Season.

How Raymond Lantry has bought his new Chevy, one would think that he doesn't know anybody in the city.

Dora: I'm tired of working.

Butter: Why don't you get married?

Dora: I am.

Wife: I suppose you've been to see a sick friend—holding his head all evening.

Raymond: If I'd been holding his hands I'd have made some money.

Bully: Present, is it true that you are engaged to one of the pretty Robinson girls?

Present: It is.

Bully: Well, how do you tell them apart when you go courting?

Present: Hal! Hal! I don't try.

Constant: The boys tried to get married lots of times.

Mr. Who asked you?

Constant: Mother and father.

Employer: Do you want a job, eh? Do you ever tell that?

Arthur: No, sir; but I can learn.

Present believes in keeping with the current rage, so he invented a new machine—called—see what and it is a miniature car.

Bully: Have you a good opening here for an unusually bright and energetic young man?

William: Yes, I believe we have—and please close the door softly as you leave.

Dora: We hadn't been married a week when he hit me with a piece of sponge cake.

Judge: Divorcelly consent. Five dollars and costs.

Dora: And I made the cake with my own little hands.

Judge: Assault with a deadly weapon—see what.

We welcome to the Production Department Homer Waterhouse.

The following is an extract from the month given by Raymond Lantry to the New Fly Hall on the night of June 12th, during the Threepenny pantomime:

It seems that there were some soldiers pushing around Middleford Pond and Old Orchard Pier. They came along on West Street and asked all women papers from a woman. They put water wings on the papers and threw it into the Lake River. Consequently, the swimming party called to get out the water wings, consequently the falling child was drowned.

The old square was so happy at this terrible offense that she immediately put a rule on Middleford and Pier, which would make the little women, the only people in short time, and wouldn't permit the use of light wind and heat.

We actually believe here is a vague one again for women's clothes, according to Evelyn Baker and Emma Kearney.

Please find correct answer!

Why does Raymond's left rear window continually get smashed?

We welcome Paul Horie to the Production Department.

The mystery has at last been solved about the light in Prescott Howard's cellar on Orchard Street. Prescott has been working on a labor saving device which is now nearly complete. He says it will do away with six men, and that's just too bad for the six men. But, Prescott also says it will take seven men to operate it. So it must be a good invention. But we are still in a daze to know what this new invention really is.

### WINDING 25-B

Congratulations are offered to Edward Neault, second-hand, on the addition to his family on May 26, of a baby girl. Since then, Eddie has been making numerous cigars in celebration of the event.

The girls of the room are going on a picnic Friday, to Old Orchard Beach. After the girls had picked their boys, they found that Edith Brownson had no escort. The girls went into a huddle and voted that Edith should have Oscar Morawa accompany her.



The young lady who is second hand, the left is Edith Brownson, sister of J. A. This picture was taken in Canada when she was vacationing with her father and mother. The other girls in the picture are friends. The developing of this picture was done by Anna Jackson of J. A. residence, 8-A College St.



Ludger Lachance is getting to be a sort of radio bug, since he bought a new radio. What is the programme for tonight, Radio?

Antoinette Aril got tangled in the air here, and before she could be freed the hose had to be cut.

Rose Bergeron tells the boys she is going to teach each and every girl how to bowl when they arrive at Old Orchard.

Christine Lemay has returned to work in SSC.

#### SPINNING 15-2

Paul Hain had a nice ride in a wheelbarrow, but he doesn't remember it. Do you, Paul?

Lena was at the bench last Friday night sitting on a bench and singing. "Out the bench, got the park, but I haven't got you." We wonder who the boy was?

Annette Gendron is so funny about her boy friends that we wouldn't be surprised if she became an old maid.

Annette Lavoie is making dates with fellows from all over the country. Her latest is a boy from California.

Fernande Gagne is quite a musician. She says she can play a radio better than any person employed in the room.

Albert Cote challenges any horse-shoe player in the mill to compete against him for the championship of the mill, which he claims he now holds.

We know why Yvonne is always singing, "I'm through with love." Too bad, Yvonne.

#### BLANKET CLOTH ROOM

Lella, Genevieve, Josie and Ruth M. report a pleasant time at Mousam Lake.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Francis Murphy is improving after his accident.

We are surely very proud of the new office in this department.

The girls gave a miscellaneous shower to Alice Gaudette at her home. She received many presents. The members of the Cloth Room gave her a set of 25 pieces of silverware. Her wedding took place June 29.

Raymond surely can set a fast pace when he gets into his car. Ask Doris, she will tell you.



This picture of Mrs. Louise Board was taken some years ago. Slight certainly have changed.



All smiles! These girls of 13-1 appear to be having a good time. From left to right: Mrs. Mirandy Martel, Mrs. Rose Thibodeau, Miss Adrienne Gaudette and Miss Laurena Souleau.

Josie doesn't seem to know the difference between a pan and a tea-pot. At any rate she didn't when up to the lake. Perhaps there was a reason. How did the coffee taste, girls?

#### CARDING 11-3

We wonder where Fred Duberge got that beautiful sundress last Sunday. We think he got that at the beach, but Fred told us different. He claims that when he goes to the beach, he buys a box of pop-corn and sits under the pier and eats the pop-corn, and when it is all gone he returns home.

We would like to know why Evelyn L. watches the calendar so closely. It appears to us that the time seems long for some reason.

There is no danger of any one walking away with our clock.

We would like to know if Maria A. likes her new kitchenette.

We hear Dave Adams is going to stop chewing tobacco. That's good news.

We are glad to welcome Blanche R. back with us after a week's absence.

Miss Ivy M. is going on a two weeks' vacation. She will visit relatives in Massachusetts.

Arthur H. bought a new bathing suit. Will this bathing suit get wet this summer?

#### SPINNING 14-4

J. T. is so small that when she takes a bath, she is afraid she will go down the pipe.

If you want to meet the best singer and best dancer in the mill visit 14-4. She is known by the initials P. M.

Since B. L. left our room, R. B. has not been the same. Come on, girls, try and cheer him up.

Harry C. tells us how he always takes his girl to Mrs. Polita to buy her an ice cream. They are 2 for 1.

NOTICE: If your name appears in the following column, please do not feel hurt—just give us a good smile.

What is going on in this department?

F. Bennett, my second-hand, has been working overtime lately; the reason for this was he wanted to go on the Congo River trip, and he had to save his pocket.

Chloe is keeping herself busy cleaning.

Lena R. is working overings.

Nadia L. tells us she likes spinning.

V. Bardey is keeping a good account of

the Rolling Boy.

Athen and Bella used to have a serious conversation, but now Theta is very quiet and keeps her eyes on the Rolling Boy.

Roland has seemed down-hearted lately. Never mind, Roland, only three more months. Cheer up.

Rat Marchand is in love with no one but himself.

Louise and Irene H. ought to have a pair of boxing gloves, at least you would think so to see them when they get together.

Louise G. is often seen peeking at No. 5 mill. Wonder if Arthur is doing the same.

Miss Polchat has entered this department. She is from the French Town. If the other girls from Sanford are half as nice as she is, we would welcome a lot more from there.

Blondine went to Hills Beach, recently, and came back half baked.

We are all sorry to lose Bella Board. She has gone to the beach for the summer. We hope she will return next fall.

We have two new workers with us. They are the Messrs. Bernier and Babin.



Chorus: Agnes Annette and Annette Annette of Cloth room 18 are seen enjoying the refreshing breeze of the ocean.





THE HOTEL VESPER CREW OF 1909.  
How many folks can the old-timers remember? We recognize Mrs. Dan Rhodes, who was a waitress, Mr. Allen Coker, clerk, and, last but not least, Supt. Leon E. Macomber, but how extraordinary. He is at the extreme right of the picture.

#### NO. 19 MILL CLOTH ROOM BY PEARL MURPHY

When Vogue says pajamas, Annette Ambrose says pajamas. At the beach or at work, what does it matter? Annette believes in keeping cool in spite of what others might have to say.

Euth and Ivan will have to ride with "Old Dottie" as sure to come to work. Ivan has purchased a new Ford. If they run out of gas, will Euth tie a rope on the wheel and run down Alfred Street?

It is very seldom that Arthur Camous takes a day off, and that is generally when he attends a wedding. Arthur telephones but always manages to be in the next morning.

And then there is Laurette and Billy who took a trip up the Stinger River. They enjoyed every mile of the way and did not miss any of the picturesque scenery. They were able to tell us about it, even to the smallest detail.

We have heard that Alice Hard is quite



The speed boat "Miss Solange" as she appeared on the Stinger River trip.

taken up with a certain some one on the Mountain Road. Is this true, Alice?

Wedding bells will soon be ringing for Adrian Howard. Although Adrian has been keeping this a secret, we are sure he won't mind a few friends knowing it.

Arthur Hunter has left for a two weeks vacation which will take him through Canada. With a few of us could join you, Arthur.

Agnes Howard had the misfortune to spend her stable while in Lewiston a few weeks ago. Although Agnes is better now, she tells us she is going to watch her step in the near future.

"Special Dispatch to the Pepperell Sheet." Here the wedding, grinding, noisy sound. No wonder you all turn around. Only to spy Mr. Adams, our boss. But he matches out the noise. That's the sound of his new watch.

#### 18-5 SPINNING

Laurette P., we are glad to know the secret about your permanent. Lucky we saw you with your head in the spinning machine twice a day.

Mr. Alce Lombard announces his engagement to Miss Rose Gagne. We hope the wedding bells will soon be ringing.

Kathy B. will try and win the women's contest at Old Orchard this summer.

Laurette G., the next time you go fishing leave the jewelry counter alone and try the hardware counter and find a knife sharp enough.

#### COTTON HOUSE

John Sullivan, Frank Harrel, Anne Martin, Tom Marshall, George Lemay, Lewis Noel, Elva Miller and Roland Letellier were seen on the circus grounds which played in Hallowell recently.

Edmund was the only one who succeeded in getting in the show by going under the tent.

George Lemay is supposed to be French, but we think he is Dutch because he did the nothing grass instead of buying pants.

Edna didn't want to wear a thing, so he asked her to go the day.

Edmond Parker attended the wedding of his nephew, July 8, and he reported a good time.

"Dearest Mary," wrote George, who was hopelessly in love; "I would give the mighty ocean for one glance of your dear eyes. I would walk through a wall of fire for one touch of your little hands. I would say the wildest stories in the world for a word from your lovely lips. As always your George, P. S. Will be over tonight if it don't rain."

The gang were very glad to hear of the good fortune of Tim Dimes, who was a former member of this department. Tim was one of the lucky winners in the Dorcy competition in London. The ticket was good for \$100.

Frank Hennessey says a genius is a guy who can convince his wife that the blond hairs on his chest were never into the material.

Do you want to be in Ireland, Jim. What part? All of me.

Speaking of Jim, we think he intends to open up a lake shop in the near future. He has the overalls all ready.

Things that Joe Lee shouldn't do: Ride on merry-go-rounds, play in the sand, ride home with strange girls, and last of all, he shouldn't be afraid of dark lights.

Here is one for Ripley. Jack Lee punched himself on the nose and made it bleed, believe it or not.

During the recent fire Hagbin was the only one who did not go. He claims it was too far. Wouldn't mind if it was a long distance, but it was right near his house.

As this goes to press Lewis Noel is planning a two weeks vacation to Canada. We are in hopes to tell about his trip in the next month's issue. The gang would like to go and keep him company so he won't get lost.

Congratulations to Jack Lee. Jack celebrated the 25th anniversary of his wedding June 25. Best of luck, Jack.

#### The Ten Little Workers

10 Little Workers, standing in a line,

One pulled a foolish string,

Then there were 9,

9 Little Workers (and to relate),

One stepped on a nail,

Then there were 8,

8 Little Workers, thought out of heaven,

One used a broken ladder,

Then there were 7,

7 Little Workers, in an awful fix,



Rose Anne Solange has a large number of friends at Pepperell.



One wouldn't guard his eyes,  
Then there were 6.  
6 Little Workers, said "let 'em drive,"  
One stopped a flying chip.  
Then there were 5.  
5 Little Workers—open trap door,  
One took a tumble.  
And that left 4.  
4 Little Workers, busy as could be,  
One tried to light his pipe.  
Then there were 3.  
3 Little Workers, with much work to do,  
One siled the moving gear.  
Then there were 2.  
2 Little Workers, after work was done,  
Didn't use the hand mill.  
Then there was 1.  
1 Little Worker learned from their fate  
It pays to think of safety  
Before it's too late.

#### Just Say, "I'm Doin' Fine."

There ain't no use in kickin', Boss,  
When things don't come your way;  
It does no good to holler 'round,  
And grumble night an' day,  
The thing to do is do your work,  
Cut out yer little whine,  
And when they ask you how you're doing,  
Just say, "I'm doing fine."

There ain't no use alive, but what  
Is looked to get his slap;  
There ain't no use that doesn't  
From old trouble get his rap.  
Just travel with the bunch, old boy,  
And see how you will shine,  
And when they ask you how you're doing,  
Just say, "I'm doing fine."

Your heart may be just bursting  
With the things you'd like to do,  
But keep your worries to yourself,  
And you can fight them through.  
The old shop laughs at heartaches, Boss,  
He they your own or mine,  
So when they ask you how you're doing,  
Just say, "I'm doing fine."



The young lady in the foreground is Miss Gladys Hamed, secretary of the Social Club and organizer of the crew on the Bangs River, while in the background we have Miss Florence Hanson of nursing 122 and Arthur Quinn of the General Office who look all these new pictures.



This is the steamer "Goodridge" on which the Pepperell party sailed.

#### COMMON SENSE AND ELECTRICITY

Common sense is all that any one need use in order to keep electricity—the safest, most faithful and dependable of helpers—in its place in the home.

1.—If protective covering has failed because of wear and tear, because of defect, or has temporarily become ineffective due to watermaking, a dangerous shock may be received by a person with hands wet or damp who touches a metal socket, electrical appliance or anything connected with electricity while—

Standing on a wet floor  
Taking a bath  
Touching radiators, piping or other plumbing.

2.—Never use of melted composition or porcelain sockets in bathrooms, basements and all other damp locations. Use wall switches where possible. Approved sockets of molded composition or metal sheath porcelain are recommended for use with extension cords.

3.—Never leave electric irons on anything that will burn. Always use the metal stand or rest that is provided. Do not use lamps, irons or toasters to warm beds in the winter. Fires may be started by such misapplication of these devices.

4.—Extension cords for connecting electrical household appliances or lamps should be handled carefully so as not to injure the protective covering of wires. Have cords repaired or replaced when they become worn. You cannot depend upon defective cords. Long extension cords are unsightly as well as unsafe.

5.—Do not use your electrical equipment for playful experimenting or practical joking.

6.—Additional wiring in your home should be installed only by a responsible electrician. Your best insurance against fire and accidents is good wiring.

7.—If a fuse, the electrical safety valve, blows out, you are overloading your wiring system or using a defective appliance. The trouble is not corrected by inserting a larger fuse. A fuse of the proper size is your protection against fire or accidents. Reset, and correct the trouble before putting in a new fuse.

8.—Detachable outlets should be installed for connecting portable appliances. These loose receptacles or outlets are no longer approved. Where they exist, secure them permanently with detachable screw base section of attachment plug or have

your electrician replace them. This will prevent inquisitive children from making accidental contact with current carrying parts.

9.—Place outdoor aerials to one side and not crisscrossing over or under power supply wires. A radio aerial which has fallen against power wires is probably alive, regardless of weatherproof covering on power wires. Disconnect power supply from your radio before you do any work on your set.

10.—Fallen wires on streets or highways may be alive. Avoid them. Notify the electric light and power company.

#### Furnished the Proof.

The man before the magistrate was a stranger in the village, and he was most indignant that he should suffer the humiliation of his present position.

"The constable seems very certain about everything connected with my case," he murmured, "but there's one weak point in his defense. Why does he not call his fellow officers to corroborate what he says?"

"There's only one constable stationed in this village," said the official.

"But I saw you last night," indignantly asserted the prisoner.

"Exactly!" agreed the policeman. "That's the charge against you."



Margie shows in the two-year-old daughter of Manuel Lopez, the Dutch street painter.





John O'Brien and Miss Irene Thibault were married on May 25 and this picture was taken just after the wedding. They went to Boston and New York on their honeymoon trip. They received many valuable gifts, including an outfit of Lady Pepperell sheets and pillow cases given by the employees of 204.

#### MANAGER GRIFFIN CLAIMS PEPPERELL BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

Manager Elmer Griffin, of the Lewiston Baseball team, is claiming the championship of the Pepperell State, and with good reason. On July 1, arrangements were made with Grove Lane for a game to be played at Biddeford on Saturday, July 11. On July 8, Manager Griffin got in touch with Keweenaw to find out what time the game was to be played, when the Biddeford manager announced that the game would have to be called off because the team had disbanded. The Lewiston manager, extremely anxious for his ball team to do battle with their Biddeford rivals, then got in touch with Keweenaw again, stating that the game was to be played on July 11. He informed that the time was then too short to arrange a game for the 11th. This

announcement was a decided shock to all of the Lewiston baseball enthusiasts who had looked forward to their diamond stars administering a sound defeating to the Biddeford aggregation.

However, Manager Griffin now feels that he has a clear claim to the championship of the Pepperell State, as well as to the local baseball honors.

#### What Size

Thirty years ago, or thereabout, when the late William Howard Taft was made Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands by President McKinley, he was a much larger and heavier man than he was at that time of the United States Supreme Court. He had been in the Philippines three years when President Roosevelt requested that he return and take the post of Secretary of War. On his way from the West coast to Washington, his train stopped at a small town on the edge of the desert to take on water. Mr. Taft stepped out on the platform to stretch his legs. The day was hot and humid, no summer days here in the desert, and his collar was stiffed in the ceremony of a dish-rag that had just finished his job at the kitchen sink. Taft's equine the station was a covered walk and through its dusty window could be seen a display of goods that included rubber. It occurred to Mr. Taft that a fresh collar might do some of the good that rubber does to his body. The conductor assured him that he had time enough to do a bit of shopping so he pressed near. "I want a collar," said Mr. Taft. The buying clerk, seeing the eyes, shook his head and turned his comfortable position in the chair. "What size?" he asked with about as much enthusiasm as might be expected at that place and season. "Twenty-two," replied Mr. Taft. The clerk switched his head of interest from his left to his right cheek. "Don't leave that size," he warned. Then switching the head back to his left cheek and looking his words down, he volunteered, "but I reckon they won't wear this in the store, they don't want the street." Thinking him for the information, Mr. Taft stepped out and walked down down the street. It was a barren day.



Every one has a new picture of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Latham, Miss Lawrence Latham and William Delaney, all of the whole cloth sheet.

#### WINTER RIDES.

"Are you positive that the defendant was drunk?"

"The judge," growled John at 200.

"Why a judge is always certain about it?"

"Well," replied Smith, "I was him out a penny in the jailer box on Court street, and then he looked up at the clock on the library building and roared, 'I've lost four or five hundred weight!'"

#### THEN WAR STARTED

"You, sir, I believe big wars are often caused by the smallest matter," remarked (Mr. Man Jones). "Things that a fellow fellow don't amount to a thing will sometimes give by a mountain of trouble. Well, just in other words my wife was working over a cross-word puzzle and she looked up and said, 'What's a fellow's thing?' And I said, 'Law.' And there was another big war on."

#### Wanted Protection.

"Gladly, you'd better look me up. Ask him my wife over the head with a stick."

"Did you kill her?"

"Don't think so. Think why I want to be looked up."

#### A Male Godiva

Judge (to officer who had offered salutation for walking in public without clothes) — "What's the charge, officer?"

Officer — "Innocentating a woman, your honor."

#### Obliging

Officer of the Law — "Here, you must accompany me."

Dreadful Bachelors — "A'right. What the name thing?"

#### Cornered

The attorney conducting the cross-examination had grown disgusted with the evasive answers of the witness.

"Answer my question yes or no," he admonished.

"Your question can't be answered yes or no," replied the witness.

"Any question can be answered yes or no," expostulated the lawyer. "Ask one and I'll prove it."

The witness replied: "Have you quit beating your wife?"



This is a good picture of Edward Latham's father and mother. Edward works in D-2.



## CARDING 17-3

By KIM L. LAMONT.

Mr. Amos Hamel, after spending a much needed vacation of four weeks, has returned to work. We are glad to see you back, Pete.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. Joe Cogan has gone to the Trull Hospital. We all hope for a speedy recovery.

Quite a few girls continue into the matrimonial bliss lately. Miss Mary Conway is now Mrs. Mary Hall, and Miss Yvonne Brundage is now Mrs. Yvonne Southworth. We wish you all a very happy married life.

Our Overseer, Mr. Fred A. Jewell, is not only a bowler, but is also quite a gardener. He is already harvesting some of his cucumbers.

Any one desiring to learn a few lessons in gardening ought to make an appointment with our overseer.

Our general second-hand, Mr. Spencer, is out on the farm every night.

Talking about snowberry pie, I think that there is no one in this Department that can compare with those of Mrs. Elizabeth Parent. They are simply wonderful.

To all of the new help in this department, we bid you a welcome to the Pepperell family.

Wonder who the boy friend is that Maad of 17-3 is after in Boston. I hope you are not thinking of getting married. Take my advice; stay as you are at the present time.

Talking about fishing trips, our time-keeper, Mr. Selton Emery, Esq., is a great fisherman, as well as a noted base-ball player. Lately, "Dilly" goes fishing and comes back empty-handed. What is the matter, Dilly, no bait, or no luck?

George C. of 18-3 seems to be down-hearted lately. Is it because she is gone or what? Don't be like that, George, there are plenty of others waiting for you.

About time some of the girls in this Department should bring up the subject of a shoe dinner, and I hope it goes through. Don't forget to extend some invitations as the writer is quite good around the table.

After an absence of many years from the Pepperell, Miss Frances Mayo is back



This is a good picture of Lodge Fastag, the new landlord in 17-3. In order to accommodate his friends Lodge, is willing that his picture be put from this page, and properly framed.



Thompson's Cove at the mouth of the Fargo River.

with us. We are glad to welcome old friends back.

Maudie P., Mary K., of 16-3, Nellie D., of 16-4 are out in the ranks of the old maids. That's it, girls,—keep it up.

Congratulations are extended by the Pepperell to Frank Matley, cousin of Spinning, who married Mrs. Evelyn Taylor, Thursday, July 3, 1911, at Auburn, Maine. The Rev. Ralph Laws of the High Street Methodist Church performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Matley called the Exchange Lakes on their honeymoon. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Laws of Eldsfield.

## BOXING

By KEVIN TWOMY.

Mrs. "Tex" Twomey is to run boxing shows at Prospect Park for the remainder of the summer. He plans to put on some good bouts, if the fans will stand behind him. He is planning a match with Ted Dew, light-weight champion of Maine, with some strong opponent, August 7, at the Park.

Among the base-ball players working in the Pepperell and playing ball locally are "Dilly" Emery, with St. Joseph's Independents; Leo O'Leary, with the Belmonts; Cassavant and Jerry Twomey, with the De-luge A. C. Ball players are plentiful this year in the Twin cities. A good Pepperell team this year, and a league organized, would give the fans a real base-ball season. Let's hope the conditions are better next year, and a real base-ball league started with the Pepperell as one of the best.

One of the leading pitchers and hitters of the New Valley League is Emmett Staples of the New team, which is in third place. Staples has proved to be a real slinger. He was formerly with the Pepperell for the past four years.

Jerry Buckley and his rooming mate, H. F. Worthy, have a challenge to any two base-ball pitchers in the plant. This would be for the championship. Jerry and his side-kick have been practicing severely, and are all set to go any time now.

Wonder what all the excitement was in front of Lippert's Drug Store, Friday morning. Ask Jack, he knows.

Michael J. Morgan, Superintendent of the Highland Hotel, and Jack Burckham, the Evening Wizard from Five Points, claim they have the earliest cow. Both claim the same day, Wednesday, July 12. There has been an inspection at both places,

and each of them has wonderful milk. We also note that Mr. Morgan has made a big improvement at the Highland.

## JOKES

Al: "I see where you are putting up a new building."

William: "Sure, we only put up new buildings."

Harry: "If you've spoiled the cow that has stolen your car why don't you get it back?"

Samuel: "I'm waiting for him to put on a new set of tires."

Doc: "The horn on your car must be broken."

Mr. W.: "No, it's just indifferent."

Doc: "Indifferent, what do you mean?"

Mr. W.: "It just doesn't give a hoot."

He was very fat, and stood behind an ornate old woman while waiting in line to see a movie.

"Stop puttin' me, can't see!" said the woman suddenly.

"Excuse me, madam," he apologized; "I did not push. I only stared."



Dock at the Fargo River



# GOLD STAR SAFETY CONTEST—1 9 3 1

| 1931       | Jan. | Feb. | Mar. | Apr. | May | June | July | Aug. | Sept. | Oct. | Nov. | Dec. |
|------------|------|------|------|------|-----|------|------|------|-------|------|------|------|
| Biddeford  | 5.4  | 2.3  | 2.9  | 5.0  | 2.5 | 0.5  |      |      |       |      |      |      |
| Lowiston   | 1.7  | 0.0  | 3.4  | 0.0  | 0.0 | 0.0  |      |      |       |      |      |      |
| Fall River | 2.7  | 0.0  | 2.6  | 2.5  | 5.1 | 0.0  |      |      |       |      |      |      |

## APRIL

Lewiston wins! Another goose egg for the Blenchery. Fall River comes right along in second place. Biddeford is trailing badly this year—as far. But here's a little secret. The biggest mill isn't planning to let these little ones run too far away. Biddeford plans to show that she can attend to safety in a big way.

From Fall River comes this news: Mr. Dunning, Superintendent, is on the war-path for sure, now, and Fall River is determined to show Lewiston and Biddeford some speed in the coming months. Every possible safety effort is being expended and we expect to hang up a row of hen's eggs on that accident score board.

## OUR OWN ACCIDENTS

Eight lost time accidents occurred in Biddeford.

One man dropped a beam on his foot and has been out of work for the entire month. There were two things wrong. The truck being used for hauling these beams was not properly designed for the work and the man did not use sufficient care.

A man strained his shoulder while hitting with a heavy hammer and lost twelve days. The man's own physical condition seems the chief cause here. Perhaps he shouldn't have been allowed to do such heavy work. Another possibility is that he had neuritis, or possibly or some such ailment, but in that case, if correct, he would not report it as an accident and help spoil the mill's record.

Another man claims a hernia from picking loose walls up from the floor. The employees of many plants are required to have physical examinations in order to see that such accidents are not likely to happen. Men who have a weakness for hernia are not put on heavy jobs.

A spinster slipped and fell into the dyer on her frame. She evidently had been working on the back end, being anxious to save time, reached for the shipper while coming around the end of the frame rather than waiting until she had come into the alley. She missed the shipper and fell on the floor, losing five days trying to save a few seconds.

Another spinster slipped on some starch on the floor and lost more than nine days. The starch had leaked down through the door of the starch room above. Men will be liable to prevent overflows from the starchers, which will prevent this fault.

A woman in making a slight repair on her loom caught the sleeve on the shipper and jammed her hand in the mechanism. The remedy for such cases is simply greater care.

A pipe, in removing an old pipe, fell when the men were loose unexpectably. It lost two days. All we can say here is that repair and maintenance men should always be wearing the unexpected. They should be like the delivery man who started off on a cement. Business and common law, quite to, prevent a powerful worker like hammer. The going to be

fine as undefinable, I'm going to explain the unexplainable, and I'm going to unscrew the unscrewable!

A weaver going for a drink fell on the floor with a glass in her hand and received a bad cut. Apparently the floor was in good condition, but perhaps she wasn't paying quite enough attention to what she was doing.

At Lewiston there were no lost time accidents.

Fall River's chances for a clean slate in April were blasted by Frank Teixeira, who lost one week's time as a result of sticking a dope wire in his finger. Frank is a boom boxer.

## MAY

Lewiston is certainly clicking off the goose eggs.

Biddeford comes along in second place and Fall River takes a bad slump.

So far, Lewiston is leading by a substantial margin in the year's race and hopes to hang up a record that will be hard to beat.

## OUR OWN ACCIDENTS

The following accidents occurred at Biddeford:

Jeanette Trump, who works in 14-2, cut her hand while doffing and lost four days.

Francis Langwin of 15-2 cut his hand while working on a loom. The cut became infected and Pierre has lost considerable time.

Eva Credit had both her legs injured when a beam rolled off a truck that was being pushed by Conrad Ballarsson.

Francis Murphy nearly lost his life on the elevator in the blanket mill. He opened the gates and walked in on the hatch cover to see if the elevator was coming down. It was, and if the hatch cover had not been strong enough to support the elevator, he would have been crushed to death. F. W. Thonin insisted in saving his life by holding the hatch cover back, to keep him from being strangled, until he could be released. Francis is now waiting for broken ribs to heal.

Two accidents occurred at Fall River which caused loss of time.

## JUNE

Again Lewiston comes through. Out of six months—due down with these accidents in a row. This is a mighty fine record.

Fall River comes through with a zero, lost in second place because of three injuries.

Biddeford is right at her feet showing this month about even to the extent and to content with third place.

The competition seems to be getting back. Keep up the good work!

## OUR OWN ACCIDENTS

The accident occurred at Biddeford Mill. Fred Palantini, who works in 12-2, came around the corner into the runway at 12-2 and was hit by the back end. He is now

suffering from broken bones in his foot. An iron rail has been placed in front of this corner so that a person will be able to see up the runway before he steps out into the passage. I think that everyone will admit that this rail is a mighty fine safety device.

## A Driver Isn't a Passenger

Many of us can remember the days when going more than 15 miles an hour was speeding—even on country roads. Going at that dizzy speed through a village meant being pinched by the constable and assessed a fine by the local squire.

But now anyone who litters on a paved highway at less than 25 miles an hour is likely to receive unkind words from fellow travelers. Speeds of 45 miles an hour or



more are usual on the main roads and the rightmost motorist is likely to back that up.

That means that driving has become a serious business. When 15 miles an hour was fast driving and half the population wasn't out on the roads there was opportunity to observe the scenery. At 45 miles the only landscape the driver can watch is the strip of concrete ahead of him. Anything is liable to happen if his attention keeps wandering to the distant hills or to the billboards where a gorgeous female advertises caviar or coffee rails.

The only drivers who can enjoy the scenery are the back-seat variety. Those who hold the steering wheel can't be passengers.

## SUMMER DIET.

By C. O. Sappington, M. D., Dr. P. G. Dierker, Division of Industrial Health, National Safety Council.

There is only one other subject about which there is more prejudice and misinformation than the subject of diet and that is religion. Food laws arise because of the lack of scientific knowledge. Only a few simple principles will be outlined in this short article. Summer diet should be just as different as summer clothes are different. Cool, moist climates, and for the same reason: comfort and efficiency.



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The New York  
period sheet is  
with the Bureau  
Division.

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12 SEP

**BASEBALL**  
Lewiston Bleachery Team Tosses Shape  
Up Like Championship Club



**MANAGER GRIFFIN ACCEPTS  
DEFT OF BIDDEFORD  
BASEBALL TEAM**  
Ready To Play Biddeford, Fall River,  
Londale, Opelika, or Any Industrial  
Team in Country

which was hurried  
in behalf of the  
measures in  
pleasure to



WITH OUR ATHLETES



Senior of Eastern N.















# PEPPERELL SHEET

## FALL RIVER DIVISION

The Fall River Division of the Pepperell Sheet is published in connection with the Biddeford and Lewiston Divisions.

BY THE FALL RIVER DIVISION  
OF THE PEPPERELL SHEET  
PUBLISHED BY THE  
FALL RIVER DIVISION  
OF THE PEPPERELL SHEET  
PUBLISHED BY THE  
FALL RIVER DIVISION  
OF THE PEPPERELL SHEET

We are pleased to announce that we have a new and improved method of printing the Pepperell Sheet. This new method will enable us to print the sheet in a more accurate and efficient manner than ever before. We are confident that this new method will result in a higher quality product for our customers.

We are also pleased to announce that we have a new and improved method of printing the Pepperell Sheet. This new method will enable us to print the sheet in a more accurate and efficient manner than ever before. We are confident that this new method will result in a higher quality product for our customers.

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## SPINNING DEPARTMENT

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WEAVE ROOM

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It was a very well played match, and the Biddeford men deserve a great deal of credit for playing with a type of pin which they do not use up in their home town. The success of the Maine team was dependent upon the all-around ability of their men. They were well balanced and had a great deal of power in all boxes.

The main point of the game was not the victory, however. It was the fine sportsmanship that was exhibited. It is just this that we need to get better acquainted with the Maine divisions of the plant. We sure did appreciate having these men come down and visit us, even though they did take the bacon back with them.

I understand that the two Maine divisions have baseball teams. That is fine, for there is no better sport in the world for a plant to have than a team representing the national pastime. It is indeed unfortunate that we, here, do not have any, but we are a bit too small as yet, and the time is not ripe for us to have a team. But we are hoping that in the very near future the conditions will allow us to have some sort of a representative team that can meet the Maine teams on the diamond.

The one sport that our employees can enjoy is swimming. The way that the hot spells have hit the Fall River it seems that this sport is more popular than ever before, nor can any one advise a more delightful way of getting away from the heat than to jump into the cool waters that surround our pleasant city. There is Hallowbrook, Newport, the Yonston River, the Watappa Pond, and innumerable places not very far from the city where good swimming can be enjoyed.

For baseball lovers—here is a tip. There is an excellent league in Fall River, and that is down at the North Park. The teams there have exhibited some of the best baseball in years. It will be well worth the while of any one to go down there any night in the week to see these teams play.

Also, here is another tip, but this time it is for swimmers. Don't get swarmed too quickly. It is better not to get burned at all than to get too well done. It acts much in the same way as when you are trying to cook a favorite dish. If it is overdone you don't like it as well. So it is the same with your body, if it gets too burnt, it will cause a shock to your nervous system, and the result may be dangerous.

#### NEWSY NED'S COLUMN

It seems to me that I've very little this month in giving some of the best news that I've ever been allowed to print. But here it is, whether it is late, or whether you like it or not.

The Biddeford bowlers came down into our own backyard and debated us, just as they did when we went up to Biddeford. The only thing that can be concluded out of such a strange happening is that they must have a better bowling team than we have. But they must be more than excellent, for we have the best team in the world. Just facts that out.

What pleased me more than anything was the good feeling that was shown by the politicians that was brought about by this incident of the Biddeford bowlers. They arrived in town on a Friday and were entertained that evening at a banquet that was held in the Eagle Restaurant. The dinner was fine and so was the company. I noticed that Mr. and Mrs. Knech and Mr. and Mrs. Dring were there, and that they also went over to the Durfee bowling alleys to witness the match. I also under-



Introducing Rosalina, right, and Emma, left. Rosalina is now Mrs. Jose Coelho.

stand that Mr. Dring is an excellent bowler himself. But all told, everyone was pleased to have them in the company and greet the invaders from Biddeford.

Mr. Dring was chairman of the evening, and what a chairman he was. He should make a habit of dinner speeches. He started the hostilities without a quiver, and laid us in the midst of a perfect evening before we could hardly realize it. Mr. Leonard Knech welcomed the strong-armed men and called attention to the bowling pins which decorated the tables. After he had finished with his eloquent remarks Mr. Dring uncovered a program that will be hard to equal.

The star of the evening was the indomitable four-year-old son of Mr. Ernest Whalen. For his first song he sang "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." Later he sang "The King's Men." He also sang dished. There are not enough words in the dictionary to explain the ability of this young gentleman. Just believe me when I say he was marvelous and more than excellent. The crowning point of the evening—for him—was when Mr. Dring presented him with a toy automobile.

Another fine addition to the program was the excellent tenor singing of young Mr. Moffat. He rendered "Sweet Mystery of Life" and "Remember a Voice Is Calling." We also had the pleasure of watching the Peppercell Guards do a water ring. They were neatly drilled, and looked as fit as their leaders. I hoped that I would be able to see them some longer, but alas! That, too, still nothing to the enjoyment of the program, were the Peppercell Songsters, who sang "Sing Your Song." They also sang a trio with Mr. Moffat.

As for the evening was a very fine dinner, excellent program, and plenty of time to get over to the Durfee Alleys. Well, we went out into the party evening and much as we may ever have danced, and down Central Street in the alleys. When we got there the management had placed chairs around the center alleys so that all the invited guests could watch the match. I was glad to tell you that the bowling was fine, but the result and success is not for me.

It is for the sport writer to tell you, and he will, for I saw him there, even though he was carefully hidden behind a smoke screen of that brand of cigarettes which tell you to keep kissing.

The only thing that marred the evening beside the mud on Central Street was the defeat given our boys by Biddeford. But such is such and is and, if you don't believe me, ask Webster.

But it sure was swell.

I was surprised the other day when I came into the yard to see a bunch of fishermen hunting for eight crawlers in the daytime. I immediately made it my business to telephone to the Fishing Commission and tell them about the breach of etiquette. But they wouldn't listen, so I had to hide my irritation in my back pocket and let them go to it. But I simply overhauled when they started to dig up all the grass, and then started to tear down the poles. If Mr. Knech wanted to let this thing happen right under his own eyes I wasn't the one to interfere, but I was thinking about the grass. Imagine growing for three and four years and then being torn up by a bunch of fishermen. Then I thought of the worms—having to leave their old home to please a bunch of old chaps. I just made it my business to run in to Mr. Knech, and what do you think I found out? Well, much to my embarrassment, I found out that these men were arranging things so that we can have a garden. You know, one of those things where there are all sorts of beautiful flowers. And there can't be anything more delightful than the perfect blending of nature's colors, and the fragrance that will greet you as you enter the yard. It'll make you love to come into the yard and sorry to leave at night. I could've kicked myself when I found that these men were not fishermen. Then I was told that I had said several months ago, in this column that there was going to be a garden in the yard. And so I did, but—I'm so fast that I'm always ahead of myself, and usually forget before the thing happens. But hurrah for the Garden. I just let dem.

At the third turn of the last moon the Seiffenspoofs had their annual election. The following new leavies were initiated: Big Paul Harvey, Old Polly Hayward, Old Yel Westgate, Spring Standing Marston, Pung Qing Gung Perry, Hootch Hootch Giffin and Two Lame Charlie. The Big Boss did say that at the next moon that many and great new papoons will be born unto the Seiffenspoof, and that they shall be duly initiated. Leonard will come as usual. Henry will not be present, and Lucien will bring the building blocks. Alch be with you!

#### PROOF OF VALOR

"When we were married I thought you were a brave man."  
"He did all my friends."

#### ENTIKERED THE UNREADY

Paul Doherty he couldn't get a job. He studied the advertisements and couldn't find a thing. People wanted performers and all sorts of freak. They even wanted "Old False Teeth for Cash."

But nobody wanted a king.  
Max: "I see where spring has come in Chicago."  
Tommy: "How's that?"  
Max: "It says here in the paper that there was a rubber throne."



# PEPPERELL SHEET

## THE PEPPERELL MURDER CASE

Below you will read the conclusion of the famous Pepperell Murder Case. The facts of the mystery are easily summed. A man identified as Lucien Desnoyers was found dead in the Mill Yard, his features were shot away by what was termed by Edgington Felix Booth, the expert brought in on the crime, as a saved-off shot-gun. The famous criminologist took over the case and did a good deal of questioning. For awhile it looked as if Ernest Whalen, Henry Harrison, and Ramon Quintero might have something to do with the case, but the detective finally established their innocence. Furthermore, the suspicion seems to be all in the air, for nothing can be solved. Even the long claw fingered shadow that sweeps over the Mill Yard is impossible to be diagnosed. It is verifying the employees in the plant. For a while it seemed as if Edgington Felix Booth was proving nothing. Then came the evening when he said that the GHOST of Lucien Desnoyers would walk. It did show over the roof of No. 1 Mill. The detective shot in the air above the GHOST and ran over, followed by Mr. Jones and the Police Captain. On reaching the top floor of the water room the detective pulled in what was thought to be a GHOST. It was Lucien Desnoyers, all right, but he was alive.

### CONCLUSION OF THE STORY

"Ha, ha," laughed the criminologist, rubbing his long bony hands in satisfaction. "Now we have you, Mr. Desnoyers. What have you to say for yourself?" Edgington Felix Booth shot out the last question as if he sent it from a gun.

"That they got me," gasped the nervous owner. The eyes of the detective glared in the wall lamp light. "Where—where?" he demanded.

Lucien Desnoyers pointed to the roof. The detective was off with a bound. "Take care of him," he muttered as he ran. Some hours later as the sun was streaming into the Pepperell office, Edgington Felix Booth was finally rooted enough to tell Mr. Jones what he had found out. The case that had been keeping the Pepperell plant in such an uproar for so many weeks.

The detective sat back contentedly in the velvet chair, between puffs on his long-stemmed pipe he told the story.

"You know, Mr. Jones, it made me think when I first saw the murdered body. It is very rare that a person takes the chance of being caught by getting close enough to know the full force of any gun. Now the body was found when the employees were going home from work. In order for a man to be killed the way this man was, it is necessary to get very close to the victim. In such a crowd it would have been almost impossible for the man to have gotten away. That there was the report that the back of the gun came from a spot some yards away from where the body was found. This was all very peculiar. I, therefore, made a very close examination of the body and the Mill Yard. It was on the second of the year that I found the remains of a torpedo that makes the very same noise and that a gun does. I then decided that it must have been thrown from somewhere he made it appear that the gun had been fired from that corner. But for what? Well, it was all very simple. The man could have had his face shot away from that distance. The employees would be behind the Mill workers so that they could make a gun shot. And that's exactly what they did. They dropped the torpedo some yards away from the victim, he was on the pe-



Manuel Perry of the Carding Department.

port came they let the victim drop to the ground. There was no man holding this man up. Mr. Jones, the murdered man was dead before that torpedo ever landed. In the confusion the man who carried him is made a quick get-away.

It was really unfortunate for the wife and relatives of Mr. Desnoyers that they thought him to be dead. They must have suffered a great deal as this man was held prisoner by those rascals, for that is just what those employees were. They are a New York gang that was hired to do this whole job. And here is the story from the very beginning. When I examined the wounds in the face of the murdered man I knew I was looking at the work of a New York gang. I have seen their work before, and they are too dumb to change their style. I immediately got in touch with my New York assistants and got them on the trail. They informed me that Nick Court and his bandits, one of them had been working for a week. They also found out that John Wacker, one of Nick's associates, had been working for some time, and that he was hiding his face, but they had not been able to find the body. I knew this fellow Wacker, and recognized it as he the body found in your Mill Yard. Even though it was dressed in Mr. Desnoyers' clothes, I did not say anything at the time, for I knew that this gang would finally hang themselves if they were allowed enough rope.

They were right, in your case they were of the mill with the torpedo, so they went on to pay up the shadow business.

At this point Manuel Mr. Jones interrupted. "But why did they want to cover the employees?" he asked.

"You're too stupid," replied back the detective. "We let you know in day time. Well, to continue, they let me on as they of having this shadow. They installed buttons on the top of No. 2 Mill. By simple geometry they were able to have the right angle to throw a shadow. They did this from a corner somewhere in the 1 Mill. Two of their bandits did it. He got employed in the plant and was able to do it without suspicion. He did it with the aid of a model shadow. He had a small gun-some looking model which he placed in

front of this light. It reflected off the mirror over two hundred yards away and was shown as a shadow down over the Mill Yard. There was no doubt that this caused a great deal of fear among your employees, and I believe their work showed the fact. But to go on—This plan did not have the desired effect. They had to do something and do it quickly. They could ruin all the machinery, but that was the last resort—if they did that the police would get wise and enter the case—the only way was to scare the employees out of the mill. They, then, hit on the idea of having the GHOST of Lucien Desnoyers walk. I discovered this in a very novel manner. I was up on No. 2 Mill and fell accidentally on these camouflaged mirrors. I knew at once the source of the shadow. By stringing I plotted out the angles and in a very short time was able to tell exactly from where the shadow was coming. I hurried over there, and found it to be the Wacker Room. After the day workers had gone home, I investigated. I found a small scrap of paper near the house on which there was a code. I finally deciphered it and found out that the gang was going to use the GHOST gag. That was how we came to save Mr. Desnoyers from death. They would have used him for a GHOST until they won. If they were ever caught they would have cut the rope and let him fall to the ground. It was a good thing that I shot at the roof that night I killed the one man that was running the policy that held their ghost.

It was a simple matter after we landed Desnoyers safely. I had had the yard vacated by my men, and we captured the gang after a short fight. And now they are all safely within jail.

"But why did they do all this?" asked Mr. Jones again. "They were hired," returned the detective, "a well-known cotton manufacturer was afraid of the Pepperell Company, and being unable to break it on the market, he decided to do it by under-handed means. So he hired this gang. They arrived in town and captured Mr. Desnoyers with the hopes of being able to make him a days for destroying cloth, and pulling the plant on the well-known frills. But this fellow man would not do it. They then decided to use the scare plan. They sent Adam Wacker, whom they had brought as a captive from New York, was the same one as Desnoyers. So they changed clothes, holding the overcoat for later plans. They killed Wacker in the car on the way up to the mill. Then they brought him in the yard. Then they used the torpedo gag, and let the men call on Lucien Desnoyers. It was a well worked plan, and might have worked.

"So, Mr. Jones, your plant is safe, and so are all the people in it. These men would have chopped at anything to break it and the Pepperell."

Edgington Felix Booth then stood up and moved toward the door. A smile broad on his face, he turned, almost to his throat again. He had saved one of the men, had they victims of his long career.

### THE END

"Friends, when my light shines in you eyes!"

"That's my story, folks, Ramon."

A man complained to them that he with three men downstairs. He should move out, a temporary as soon as possible.

Henry: "What looks a tiny big Turkish carpet?"

Anna: "A Turkish, usually."



# Which Taxi will have the BUSIER METER?

*Yes! . . . America still likes to  
be served by men in uniform*

**T**IME was when you saw plenty of rough, unshaved, sloppily dressed taxi drivers.

But that was before some bright taxi company discovered that a man would rather trust his carcass to a neatly uniformed driver.

And so tidiness replaces sloppiness. Bright uniforms of Pepperell Vat Dyed Fabrics take the place of an ensemble of this year's shirt, last year's pants and grandfather's cap.

It's not in just one industry, but nation-wide—this movement. America's workers are dressing up. Some say the war started it all: doughboys came back and discovered the clothes they used to wear to work were not nearly so comfortable or useful or good-looking as their khaki.

And to top it off, big business discovered that neat uniforms meant better business.

Right from the start, Pepperell has been actively leading this movement. We have long sponsored the styling-up of work clothes and the use of Vat Dyed Fabrics. Work clothes made of Pepperell Fabrics tailor well, look well, wear well.

And yes, they cost a very little more. But have you ever heard of Americans being unwilling to pay a few cents more for exactly what they want?

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